SWITZERLAND-THE HAT IN WAR AND POLITICS.

planted on a pole in the marketplace, is asserted

planted on a pend origin of the sanguinary struggle which resulted in the overthrow of foreign

pendence. To-day Switzerland is in the throes of a diplomatic conflict with Uruguay, and has

enipotentiary to doff his hat to the Chief of the

order to show how disturbing an element a

mere hat can become in international politics. was a diplomat of the name of Nine, who held

the rank of general in the army of his country.

Arrayed in his military uniform, he figured las

year at the great annual manoeuvres of the Hel-

etian Army, a regimental charger and an order

Berne, applied to consider Prey, Ciner of the War Department, for the same facilities and courte-sies that had ben shown him twelve months pre-

ready assembled. On his way thither he passed the carriage containing Colonel Frey, Chief of the War Department; and inasmuch as the latter had treated him with such marked discourtesy,

he failed to take any notice of him. To put the

ORDERED TO DOFF HIS HAT.

The general and his little party had not been

more than a quarter of an hour upon the field before an officer cantered up to him and demanded in the most imperious and aggressive of

managed in the should immediately ride to the flagstaff, where Colonel Frey had taken up his position, and salute the latter; that is to say, doff

his hat. The envoy indignantly refused to do

anything of the kind, explaining that inasmuch as the colonel had declined to accord him the

officer rode back to the Chief of the War Department with this message, and shortly afterward a squad of military police surrounded the diplomat

compel him to leave the manocuvre field at once,

no answer or apology, he complied with the in-

natic relations with the Helvetian Republic, and, having closed the Legation, has retired to Londen. It is fortunate under the circumstances otherwise the world might be called upon to

vitness another one of those bloody wars which history teaches have originated in disputes con-

coronation festivities arose in connection with his question of hats. At the grand levee, held

person, whatever his rank or creed, should un-

of China absolutely declined to bare their heads

and kept away. In fact, none of them were

Had Russia been a less powerful nation, this diplomatic contretemps might have led to serious results, possibly even to a bloody conflict, such

as those which were caused a hundred years ago in Spain and Portugal by disputes about hats.

Thus, one of the most sanguinary insurrections

that marred the reign of Charles III of Spain. costing thousands of lives and compelling the flight of the King and of his Court from Madrid to Seville, originated with the issue of a royal edict to the effect that men must pin up or else

remove altogether the huge flapping brims of their hats. The Spaniards, although willing to

submit to every other form of monarchical

despotism, absolutely declined to obey the King's

even lives sooner than yield; in one word, treat-

THE HAT IN PORTUGAL.

about the same time in consequence of the issue of a decree by King Joseph, not only ordering the banishment of all Jews, orthodox as well

Portuguese citizens professing the Catholic faith, who had any Hebrews among their an-

cestors, should wear white hats, so that the

"faint" of their blood might be signalized with a view to subjecting them to ostracism. As

there is hardly a single family of any impor-

tance either in the aristocracy or bourgeoisie of

Portugal that does not have a certain number

of Jews among its forbears, the decree was re-

sisted by the people, and an insurrection of so

much gravity ensued that the existence of the throne was endangered. At length the Prime Minister, the witty and brilliant Marquis de

Pombal, finding remonstrance and argument

powerless to induce the fanatical monarch to re-

peal the decree, determined to appeal to his

sense of humor. He pretended to have been

won over to the King's views, and, presenting

himself before His Majesty, drew forth from under his mantle two white hats, which he solemn ly placed upon the table. Greatly astonished. Jo

ly placed upon the table. Greatly astonished, Joseph inquired the meaning of this extraordinary action of the Premier. Said the latter. "I have come prepared to obey your Majesty's command, with one nat for you and the other for myself, thus recalling to the monarch the well-known fact that the reigning House of Braganza itself is not free from Heurew stain. The King had the 500d sense to see the joke, laughed heartily and permitted the Marquis to proclaim a repeal of the obnoxious edict.

Even as far back as in the tenth century of the Christian era, the hat was made the subject of bitter strife. British history recording that tharald, Earl of Zealand, waged a war against the people of Jomburg for having on one occa-

Harald. Earl of Zealand, waged a war against the people of Jomburg for having on one occasion carried off his hat as a trophy of victory. But it is hardly necessary to go so far back in order to show the important role which the hat plays in politics. It is even in the present day not merely a feature, but simost a factor, in the Presidential campaigns and electoral contests, which invariably increases the popular domand for hats, especially white ones. The meaning of the latter is apparently a sort of tack appeal to the suffrages of one's fellow-citizens. In the days of ancient Rome, when a candidate for office put forward his name as an advocate of reform measures, he was wont to whiten his toga with chalk as an indication of the purity of his motives. "Candidas" is the Latter word for "white," and it is from this fashion of white, it would be ambarrassing nowadays.

slouch.

at the levee, in consequence of

matter in plain English, he cut him.

ed upon the ridiculous pretext that he did not

HOW LITTLE MAX BEGAN TO PLAY.

Almost my first recollections come from my grandfather's house. My mother, after the early death of my father, who died before I was four years old, had gone back to live at her father's house. This was a very common arrangement then. Two or three generations often lived together in the same house, and among the better families the house was locked upon as a common home, descending from generation to generation. There was a large garden stretching out benind the house which was our playground. Our neighbors' gardens were separated on each side from our own by a low hedge only. Next door to us was the house of a soap and candlemaker, and I still remember the disagreeable smells on the day when soap was boiled and candles were drawn. People talked across the garden bedge to their neighbors, and all the affairs of the town were discussed there.

THE WAY THE WORLD GOES. -

"It is an indisputable fact that the landed gentry of Great Britain are becoming very poor," said an American women of social prominence, who has recently been visiting in their English homes, not the owners of the various line estates, but her own countryfolk who found their opportunity in the original owners' extremity, and who have either bought or leased magnificent old mansions with gardens, parks and far-stretching fields for sums that to those accustomed to the extraordinary

surdly inadequate.

"Fancy," she exclaimed, "for a rental of \$3,000 a year obtaining one of the most beautiful homes imaginable—a spacious mansion with the most perfectly appointed 'offices,' as they call the house keeping department over there, with kitchen, garden and everything complete; a house furnished with all that is necessary for English comfort, which means everything that is possible to think of; a stable that equals the house in its appoint-ments and size; coaservatories, lovely gardens, a home park, magnificently wooded; and a game

preserve of great extent for which they pay a small amount extra per annum?"

This is not an exception. The "stately homes of England" which Mrs. Hemans so fondly described as being scattered "all o'er the pleasant land," and which educated Americans have associated with their ideals of all that is desirable and delightful, are becoming year by year (and it is to be feared under existing circumstances will continue to become) monuments of past opulence and beautiful living. This decadence of English life in its best aspects, not the life of the fashionable crowd that

living. This decadence of English life in its best aspects, not the life of the fashionable crowd that meet around sporting centres, which now represent country living, but the home life, an existence which seemed in its round of duties and pleasures to approach more nearly to perfection than anything else in the world, means a distinct loss to civilization. Nothing in this money-making and money-loving age will ever approach it in dignity and beauty.

"But it seems very sad," said the lady already quoted, reverting to the subject, "to see how many of these fine, typical old places are deserted by their owners who can no longer afford to live there. In London I was shown by a real estate man a book nearly two inches thick filled with nothing but descriptions of country places for sale or to rent. Another sign of the times is the way in which the scions of these old families are plunging into trade, women as well as men. One of the marked traits of Englishwomen is that they have the courage of their convictions. Now that trade is permitted by Mrs. Grundy, and that even the social positions of those who undertake it, the number of those who are avowedly eager to make money is legion; in fact, it has become a regular fad for them to make new departures, and their enterprise and courage far exceed those of Americans who still shiver on the brink and hesitate to take the plunge."

The question whether or not to wear hats at the theatre seems in the nature of things likely to be settled by a compromise. The conditions of life are so different here and in Europe that it is almost impossible for women to go to the play with-out some kind of head covering. With the opera it is different; that is distinctly a dress affair, and ladies are wont to drive thither in a carriage, and it is easy therefore to go out with hair arranged for the evening. In England and France the universal use of cabs and flacres, and the comfortable cloak-rooms provided at the theatres themselves, make the flat of "no hats" a reasonable one; but the managers here, under existing circumstances,



dress affair.

On the other hand, hats that obstruct the view are a public nuisance and ought to be tabooed, and well-bred women are taking the lead in wearing the tinlest of "capotes" and "toques," suppressing even the annoying aigrette and tufts of plumes, which make many of these headdresses almost as annoying as the large hats themselves. It will cost a pang, no doubt, to sacrifice these pretty and becoming ornaments, which give such an air of distinction to the little twisted roll of velvet, or the wreath of flowers, but no right-minded woman will hesitate to make this little sacrifice for the good of the public, especially when it becomes known that the small hat is the mark of a woman in "smart" society, while the towering one with plumes suggests a Seventh-ave, boarding-house.

There is a new shape shown by Virot which seems precisely made to suit the necessity. It is a velvet cap with a crown and front piece not unlike a baby's cap. The model in question is of very light blue velvet, thickly embroidered with a design in pearls, and the edge is finished with a sort of coronet of pearls. This headdress posed on the way locks of the period has a charming effect. Coronets of loops of velvet ribbon are also one of the fashions of the day, which are both pretty and effective, and if not exaggerated are appropriate for the play. Flower bonnets are always charming, and the Maria Stuart cap with the jewelled front, which is now also en regle, has received the commendation of the centuries as a becoming head covering. So there seems no lack of choice in the way of theatre hats which need not be more obtrusive than any other style of coiffure. The theatre hat illustrated here is a burlesque one which lately appeared on a London stage.

Perhaps it is fortunate for most people's peace of mind that the grandest houses are not as a rule those which arouse feelings of envy. There is some-times a coldness about their very magnificence which, while it excites admiration, does not produce covetousness. In one of the most superb houses in Fifth-ave. every apartment of which is a distinct artistic study in style and tasteful decoration, there is literally only one room that looks homelike and cheery, and that is the children's sitting-room, which the governess, a woman of culture and refinement, has made quite charming by her pretty arrangement. It is the very reverse of the stiff and noli me tangere grandeur which characterizes the rest of the establishment. The exceedingly formal and chilling-looking salons, which are fashionable to-day, and to which the term "drawing-room" seems most inappropriate (the name being really "withdrawing-room," an old English word suggestive of home comfort), may be beautiful, but they certainly do not give the impression of pleasant

living. Yet in nearly all of the finest and newest houses this stately and formal magnificence is the rule, not the exception.

"I was asked last winter to dine with the Z.'s informally." said a clubman the other day, "and accepted, very curious to see what "informal" in such a house really meant. When I went in I was shown through the series of big, stiff-looking frawing-rooms where guests are usually received and: in which I had always pictured the family living in dreary state, into a small, cosey room, where they were all crowded together. It was a veritable oasis in the wilderness of magnificent apartments, that from their size and grandeur could be only used on state occasions. The accommodation was very limited for the number of people present, and after I had been cordially greeted, one of the sons of the house dragged forward a chair in which he had evidently been sitting, and remained standing.

"I wish we had a larger room,' said Mrs. E plaintively and apologetically, while I nearly laughed outright at the idea of her being cramped for space in a huge house like theirs."

Another straitened multi-millionaire was heard regretting that he could not that season afford to furnish a tiny breakfast-room, the estimate presented by the decorator being \$80,000! It seems to be a general fault with the superb and really beautiful mansions of the period that, however perfect in their way, they are really not homelike. Their grandeur is oppressive, and the owners them-selves in unconscious assimilation with their surroundings become stiff and unapproachable.

"I am sure it is all a matter of furniture," exciaimed lively little Mrs. S. "I know if I could get into Mary X.'s great empire drawing-room, and could put in a few easy chairs and rugs, and light a big log fire in the timpossibly shing firejaco, she would be as nice and as dear as ever!" living. Yet in nearly all of the finest and newest houses this stately and formal magnificence is the

for politicians to whiten their garments, either by means of chalk or whitewash, so they content themselves with whitening their headgear. It must be left an open question, however, whether a white hat can still be regarded as an indication of the political purity of its wearer; and whether the statesmen of the present day furnish any illustration of the truth of the old adage according to which the wearing of a beaver hat strongthens a man's memory so that he can remember everything that he has said in the past.

STORIES ABOUT MUSICIANS.

Leiusic, and at the marvellous conservatoire contents in Paris.

Liszt AS A YOUNG MAN.

How many memories crowd in upon me! I heard Laszt when I was still at school at Leipsic, it was his first entry into Germany, and he came like a triumphator. He was young, theatrical and terribly attractive, as ladies, young and old, used to say. His style of playing was then something quite fine—now every player lets off the same fireworks, and the marvellous conservatoire contents in Paris. ANOTHER DISPUTE OVER A HAT IN Hats seem destined to play an important rôle in the history of Switzerland. Six hundred years ago the refusal of her legendary hero, William Tell, to doff his own headgear to the hat of the

Tell to dell in Austrian Governor Gessler, which the latter had The hat, however, no matter whether it be white or black, is a token of political independence and of self-respect. The French Commons gle which resulted recover; of National inde-tyranny and in the recover; of National inde-nendence. To-day Switzerland is in the throes in the National Legislature, or Tiers Etat, 100 years ago clapped their hats on their heads in the presence of King Louis XVI, in order to of a diplomatic control of the crossing, and has broken off all diplomatic intercourse with that south American republic in consequence of the prove to him and to the people at large that their rights were sovereign in character. And south American refusal of its Envoy Extraordinary and Minister to this day the members of the English Parliament invariably wear their hats during the debates, merely doffing them when they arise to Plenipotentially Constitution of the Helvetian War Department. The conflict, which address the Speaker. No one knows exactly how the custom originated, but it antedates the the teacup, and which appeals strongly to the sense of humor, is worthy of a brief description time of Oliver Cromwell, and it is probable that it originated in some manifestation of political independence and revolt against mon-archical despotism on the part of the members of the legislature. The bat, in fact, is an emblem of sovereignty, own brother, in fact, to the royal crown

Charles Kean used to be fond of relating an incident which occurred while he was playing "Richard III" at New-Orleans, supported by an American company, and which is not without a certain bearing on the subject. Just as the curomcer present on the state of t tam was rising, he noticed that the noblemen tam was rising, he noticed that the noblemen of the Court were wearing their hats. "Take off your hats-you are in the presence of the King." he exclaimed in a loud whisper, which was not, however, intended for the audience." "And what of that?" shouted the American actor who played the role of Buckingham, smiling for the approval of the audience, for the curtain had meanwhile gone up. "What of that? We are all kings in this country," with which he clapped down his hat tighter upon his head. Fortunately the ourst of applause which followed the enunciation of this republican sentiment lasted nearly two minutes, so that Charles Kean had 4ime to recover his equanimity, sadly General Nine, having travelled thither from Kean had time to recover his equanimity, sadly upset by this interposition of lines which are certainly not to be found in the English editions of Shakespeare.

TWO FAERY SONGS.

By Nora Hopper. THE PASSING OF THE SHEE. And did you meet them riding down A mile away from Galway town? Wise childish eyes of Irish gray. You must have seen them, too, to-day

And did you hear wild music blow All down the bereen, long and low, The tramp of ragweed-horses' feet, And Una's laughter, wild and sweet

Oh, once I met them riding down A hillside far from Galway town, But not alone I walked that day To hear the fairy pipers play.

They lighted down, the kindly Shee, They builded palace-walls for me; They built me hower, they built me bawn, Ganconagh, Banshee, Leprechaun.

They builded me a chamber fair, Roofed in with music, walled by air. And in its garden, fair to sight, Green wallflowers, windflowers, brown white.

Bouchaleen bree, if you should see One riding with the happy Shee, One with blue eyes and yellow hair. Less light of heart than many there Ah, tell him I'm seeking still Our fairy hold by fairy hill— Following the fairy pipes that play Over the hills and far away.

FINVARRAGH.

I am the King of Faery:
A thousand years ago
My elfin mother bore me
Between the snow and snow
My elfin mother bore meLightly, as fairles may
To rule a doubtful country
Between the dusk and day.

I am the King of Faery:
And wise I am, and old,
And of my fairy wisdom
A thousand hands take hold.
But those that seek my helping
Are glad for all their care.
My thousand years of wisdom
Lie dark upon my hair.

I am the King of Faery And none there is so gay
Among my gentle people
That dance the dews away.
I am the King of Faery,
And none there is so sad,
Though Una is my lady
And Aodh my serving-lad.

I am the King of Faery:
And I, and all my kin.
May neither weep for sorrow.
May neither serve nor sin.
But we shall fade as dewdrops
That morning sun hes dried.
To serve us who have served y o serve us who have served you, And set your kind doors wide.

THE MERCHANT OF SMILES.

By W. T. Peters. Cupid, the pedler,
The mischlevous pedler,
Mocks men and sings:
"Buy! Buy!
My pretty things,
Fede and gimmal rings,
Buy! Buy!"

"Who's afraid?" Baid the maid. ---A SONG.

commands in the matter of hats, and announced By F. B. Money-Coutts. Laugh at loving if you will.

But no laughing Love can kill!
Still he reigns in maidens' eyes.
Conquers with a sweet surprise.

And still, though all the world is dark and sleeps.
Love like a sunbeam through the shadow creeps.
And gentle hearts in warmest passion steeps. their readiness to sacrifice their property and ing their hats as the most vital point of their honor, conscience and principle. Finally, after much bloodshed, the King was forced to consent

Cities he will overskip.
For he loves a country lip
That no shame nor lying sears.
And an eye undimmed by tears:
So oft you'll find him at the country fairs,
Where kirtled Prudence sells her homely wares,
Fresh crocks of butter or ripe Katherine pears. to a compromise whereby every one within the walls of Madrid agreed to wear his brim pinned up, while outside he was at liberty to let it Blood likewise flowed in the streets of Lisbon

Laugh at loving as you may,
Love will laugh another day!
If he laugh not, you shall weep
For his favor ere you sleep!
Bring to his altar, then-in time be wiseBring Venus' apples, that poor lover's prize,
And pansies, softer than their mistress' eyes! as converted, but likewise insisting that all

INDIFFERENCE.

By Madison Cawein. She is so dear the wildflowers near Each path she passes by Are over-fain to kiss again Her feet and then to die.

She is so fair the wild birds there That sing upon the bough Have learned the staff of her sweet laugh. And sing no more now.

Alas! that she should never see, Should never care to know, The wildflower's love, the bird's above, And his, who loves her so!

THE HAUNTING DREAM.

By Victor Plarr.
Last night a melancholy dream
Fursued me down the guifs of sleep,
Like some great bird that filts a-gleam
In a ship's wake on the lone deep.

Of those dreams it was so sweet, And subtly sad, that when I woke, And rose, and went into the street, I dreamt, although I moved and spoke

I dreamt although my hands and brain Were busy in the jarring noon; I dreamt till night came round again, And now I dream, watching the moon.

Oh, for the joy that might have been, Oh, for the joy that shall not be. And that which thou hast never seen. And that which thou mayst never see! A RONDEAU.

By Arthur Grissom. By Arthur Grisson.

Upon her fan, where Cupids play
A: blind-man's buff in droil array.
A bit of rhyme he dares to write
Whose theme is Love and Love's delight;
Oh, beld, bad man; what will she say?

And while she reads he looks away, To awkward doubts and fears a prey; "Oh, foo!!" he thinks, "to love indite Upon her fan!"

He starts to go; she bids him stay,
Then blushes, sighs and—names the day!
Ah clever maid; ah, happy wigh!
Boheld a couple's lives made bright
By just a couplet light and gay

Then her fani

How many memories crowd in upon me! I heard Liszt when I was still at school at Leipsic. It was his first entry into Germany, and he came like a triumphator. He was young, theatrical and terribly attractive, as ladies, young and old, used to say. His style of playing was then something quite new-now every player lets off the same fireworks. The musical crities who then ruled supreme at Leipsic were somewhat coy and rosetved, and I remember taking a criticism to the editor of 'The Leipziger Tageblatt,' which the writer did not wish to sizh with his name. Mendelssohn only, with his well-tempered heart, received him with open arms. He gave a mature musical at his house, all the best-known musicions of the place being present. Well, Liezt appeared in his Hungarian costume, wild and magnificent. He told Mendelssohn that he and written something special for him. He sat down, and swaying right and left on his nusic stool, played first a Hungarian melody, and then three or four variations, one more incredible than the other.

he had written something special for him. He sat down, and swaying right and left on his music stool, played first a Hungardan melody, and then three or four variations, one more incredible than the other.

We stood manzed, and after everybody had paid his compliments to the hero of the day, some of Mendelssohn's friends gathered round him, and said: "Ah, Felix, now we can pack. No ene can do that, it is over with us!" Mendelssohn smiled; and when Liszt came up to him asking him to play something, he laughed and said that he never played now; and this, to a certain extent, was true, the did not give much time to practising then, but worked chiefly at composing and directing his concerts. However, Liszt would take no refusal, and so at hast little Mendelssohn, with his own charming playfulness, said: "Well, I'll play, but you must proraise me not to be angry."

And what did he play? He sait down and played first of all, Liszt's Hungarian melody, and then one variation after another, so that no one but Liszt himself could have told the difference. We'rll trembled lest Liszt should be offended, for Mendelssohn could not keep himself from imitating Liszt's movements and raptures. However, Mendelssohn managed never to offend man, woman or child. Liszt langed and applanted, and admitted that no one, not be himself, could have told the difference. We more, at the last visit he paid to London. He came to the Lycum to see Irving and Eilen Terry not in 'Franst.' The whole theatre rose when the old, bent meestro appeared in the dress chrele. When the play was over, I received an invitation from Mr. Irving to join a supper party in honor of Liszt. I could not resist, though I was staying with friends in London and had no latenkey.

It was a brilliant affair. Rooms had been fixed up on purpose with old armor, splendly pictures, gorgeous curtains. We sat down, about thirty people; I knew hardly anybody, though they were all known to fame, and not to know them was to profess one's self known. However, I was picak English, tho talked across the garden bedge to their neighbors, and all the affairs of the town were discussed there.

Our neighbor on the right side took lodgers, and one of them was a young man who had come to Dessau to study music under F. Schneider, and at the same time o give music lessons. He had been a theological student, but had umgesattelt (changed suddles), and now tried to support himself as best he could at Dessau. He often talked to me across the garden hedge of was only five years old). One day he lifted me across into his own garden, and saked whether I would like to learn the planoforte. I, of course, said yes, and he then made me promise to come to him every day for half an hour, but not to say a word to my mother or anybedy eise. The bargain was struck, I kept my music quite secret, till, after about half a year or so, I sat down at my grandfather's planoforte, and to the amazement of everybody played some easy pleeces of Mozart or Diabell. Or course the young theological student—his name was Kuhle—was enfoyed groschen (sixpence for a lesson, and I made very rapid prostress.

The reigning Duke kept a first-rate orchestra, and it the head of it was Friedrich Schneider, and and at the head of it was Friedrich Schneider, and

pieces of Mozart or Diabelli. Of course the young theological student-his name-was Kahle-was entered at once to be my musicimastor. He charged five groschin estapence for a lesson, and I made very rapid progress.

The reigning Duke kept a first-rate orchestra, and at the head of it was Friedrich Schneider, a mell-known composer of the old school, a cantor like Bath, but also Ducal Casellmenster, and the head of what was then called a musical school, now a conservatorium. This school was frequented by students from all parts of Germany, and has preduced some excellent musicians and well-known composers.

MADAME SONNTAG REBUFFED.

Mendelssohn's visit left a deep impression on my mind. I was then a mere child, he a very young man, and, as I thought, with the head of an angel. Mendelssohn's was always a handsome face, but later in life the sharpness of his features betrayed his Jewish blood. He always excelled as an organ player, and while at Dessau he played an organ in the Grosse Kirrike, chiefly extempore, I was standing by him when he took ne on his knees and asked me to play a contril while he played the pedal. I see it all now as if it has, he played the produce of the analysis and later and has been always a contril while he played the pedal. I see it all now as if it has, he played the produce of the industry and had even the greatest works of the greatest descriptions. And the students are musicale, always ready to played at a matthee musicale always amintle and oblige at a matthee musicale as an origin played at a matthee musicale always amintle and oblige at a matthee musicale and oblige at a first-rate orchestra, and or the musical played at a matthee musicale at a matthee musicale and oblige at a first-rate orchestra, and or the musical played at a matthee musicale always amintle and oblige at a first-rate orchestra.

I saw him last at Bursen's house,

inst Jewish blood. He always excelled as an orang player, and while of Dessau he played in Jewish blood. He always the played in Jewish and the player and while of Dessau he played in Jewish and the player and while of Dessau he played in Jewish and the player and while of Dessau he played the polar of the player and while he played the polar of the player and while he played the polar of the player and while he played the polar of the player and while he played the polar of the player and he player the player and he player the player and he player the player and mortaer had been staying with Weber and punctured the without the player and the player and the player mortaer and the player mortaer and mortaer had been staying with the stillar of the player and mortaer had been staying with Weber and mortaer had been staying the player and the

HOW JENNY LIND SANG FOR STANLEY.

declared that either she or the talker must leave the room.

HOW JENNY LIND SANG FOR STANLEY.

And yet I have no doubt the old lady enjoyed the music in her own way, for there are many ways of cutoying music. I have known people who could not play a single instrument, who could not sing "God Save the Queen" to save their life, in elaquent raptures about Mendelssoim—nay, about Beethoven and Bach. I believe they are perfectly honest in their admiration, though how it is done I cannot tell. I began by raying that people who have no musle in them need not be traitors, and I aliuded to my dear friend Stanley. He actually suffered from listening to musle, and whenever ne could, he walked out of the room where there was music. He never disguised his weakness, he never professed any love or admiration for music, and ver Jenny Lind one told me ne paid her the hignest compilment of the room where there is a superior of the room where there is a superior with he slaways left the room when he same, One evening Jenny Lind land been as well as a supul, had left the room, but he camback after the music was over, and came shiyl up Jenny Lind. "You know," he said, dislike music; I don't know what people mean by admiring it. I am very stupd, tone-deaf, as a distance what people mean by music. Something inklind or what people mean by music. Something inklind of the tone was a tattoo before the palace performed by 460 drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night while listening to your singing the same feeling came of the was a tattoo before the palace performed by 460 drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night while listening to your singing the same feeling came of the continued, "I was at Vienna, and one eyening there was a tattoo before the palace performed by 460 drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night while listening to your singing the same feeling came of the continued way. "The most charge, and after she said to me: "I hear you have a plannafort in your rooms at All Souls." Would you mind my practising a little." And practise she did,

MUSIC AT ONFORD.

Music, in fact, was at a very low ebb at Oxford when I arrived there. The young men would have considered it almost infra dignitatem to play any instrument; the utmost they would do was row and then to sing a song. Yet there was much love of music, and many of my young and old inve of music, and many of my young and old invends were delighted when I would play to them. There was only one other person at Oxford then who was a real musician and who played well, Professor Donkin, a great mathematician, and allogation of the possible of the was dying all the years I knew him, and was fully aware of it. It seemed to be quite admissible, therefore, that he, being an invalid, and I, being a German, should "make music" at evening parties; but to ask a head of a house of a professor, or even a senior tutor, to play would inve been considered almost an insult. And yet I feel certain there is more love, more honest enjoyment of music in England than anywhere else.

And how has the musical tide risen at Oxford since those days. Some of the young men now come in to college as very good performers on the planoforie and other instruments. I never know how they learn it, considering the superior claims which erieket, football, the fiver, nay, the classics and mathematics, also have on their time at school. There are musical clubs now at Oxford where the feety best classical music may be heard performed by undergraduates with the assistance of some professional players from London. All this is due to the influence of Sir F. Ouseley, and still more of Sir John Stainer, both professors of Misic at Oxford. They have made music not only respectable, but really admired and loved among the undergraduates. Sir John Stainer has been indefatigable, and the lectures which he gives both on the schene and bistory of music are crowded by young and old. They are real concerts, in which he is able to illustrate all he has to say with the help of a well-trained choir of Oxford amateurs.

As to myself, i have long become a mer

well-trained choir of Oxford amateurs.

As to myself, I have long become a mere listener, One learns the lesson, whether one likes it or not, that there is a time for everything. Old flagers grow stiff and will no longer obey, and if one knows how a sonata of Beethoven ought to be played it is most painful to play it badly. So at tast I said! "Fayswell." The sun has set, though the clouds are reseate still with reflected rays, it may be that I have given too much time to maste, but what would life have been without it? I may be that I have given too much time to make that would life have been without it? I shot quite time. Musical ears grow sonstitue to any false note, whether sharp or flat. But let us be quite honest, quite plain, is there not in music, and in music along of all the arts, something that is rot entirely of this earth? Harmony and rhythm may be under sortled laws; and in that sense mathematican may be right when they call mathematican may be right when they call mathematics stient music. But whence comes melody? Sirely not from what we hear in the streets, or in the woods, or on the sen shore, not from anything that we hear with our outward ears, and are able to limitate. To improve, or to sublimize. Neither history hor evolution will help us to account for Schuhert's "Trockne Blumen," licre, if anywhere, we see the golden stairs on when sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have sweet sounds into the ears of those who have seen precisely made to suit the necessity. It is a velvet cap with a crown and front piece not unlike a baby's can. The model in q

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter,



THE OLD AND THE NEW-A PICTURE BY DU MAURIER AND ONE BY HIS SUCCESSOR.

WHAT A SHOCKING BAD APPOINTMENT TO THE DEANERY OF LARCHESTER!"
OH-I DON'T KNOW, THE USUAL QUALIFICATIONS OWN BROTHER TO
FEER, AND A FAILURE WHEREVER HE HAD BEEN BEFORE!"

A SKOTCH NEAR PICCADILLY.

From Punch.